

Verses by Leonora Pease Pictures by Ella Dolbear Lee,





Play Dollies

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Copyright 1927 Whitman Publishing Co. Racine, Wis. The Calico Girl and The Worsted Boy.

THE Calico Girl and the Worsted Boy,
All along by the way
That leads from the country into the town,
Came walking one pleasant day.

The Calico Girl had a calico cap,
A model of Aunty's art,
A calico gown and calico shoes,
And a neat little calico heart.

THE Worsted Boy had union clothes, Trousers and vest knit whole, A worsted hat stitched fast to his hair, And a worsted body and soul.



"It makes such a difference," the Calico said, Reflecting on nature a bit,

As she looked at the Worsted's cross-stitched eyes,

"Whether your'e painted or knit."

IT depends on the season," the Worsted replied,

Remarking the weather was cool,



"The question of being content with one's lot, Whether you're cotton or wool."

The Calico Girl and the Worsted Boy,
All along by the way,
Came holding each other by the hand—
Peculiar people were they.

A Little China Doll.

DID you ever have a china doll,
A little china dolly?
One with a disposition kind,
And smile so sweet and jolly;
With life insured by Santa Claus?
A healthy china dolly.

Did you ever have a china doll,
A little doll like Polly?
To whom your secrets you might tell,
And troubles melancholy;
A little common china doll,
Who's always good, like Polly.

DID you ever have a china doll,
A lowly china dolly?

No Royal Worcester strain has she
Of frailty or folly,

Nor old blue Copenhagen blood,
A single drop has Polly.



Did you ever own a china doll,
A smiling china dolly?
Who came along with fragrant fir
And mistletoe and holly;
As merry as a Christmas tree,
The whole year through is Polly.







The Little Tin Captain.

THE little Tin Captain stubbed his right toe,

While making obeisance quite low,

When paying his court to Miss Anne Clara Rose,

Which threw out of plumb his vertical pose;

For the seams of his trousers were soldered clear down,

And stiff were his movements, and fierce was his frown.





THE little Tin Captain denied locomotion, Of dancing had scarcely a notion.

The belle said, "A two-step from your point of view,

Is two steps in one jump or one jump in two?"

But the little Tin Captain in Uniform blue, The pose military was all that he knew.



THE little Tin Captain started to think, While his painted side whiskers turned pink.

When she asked, "You prefer the hop, skip or glide?"

He could only continue erect by her side; Till she said, "All young beaux at a ball who don't dance,

Should be taken home in the ambulance."



The Little Jap Man.

THERE once was a queer little man
Who hailed from the Isles of Japan,
Devised of the arts that beguile;
His quaint, biased eyes
Had a lift of surprise,

Had a lift of surprise, And he smiled a suave, Japanese smile.

This odd little almond-eyed man
Wore a fine paper gown from Pilan,
Embroidered in celestial style,
Red, yellow and blue,
And a cute wooden shoe,

All along with his Japanese smile.



THIS wise little far-eastern man,
Who smiled with the smile of Japan,
Some etiquette tracts should compile;
For to witness his bow
Raised the question of "how",
And artful and fluent his smile.

This accomplished and deft little man
Contrived to swallow a fan,
Executing his sly tricks the while,
And a dragon Chinese,
Which he did with much ease,
While he bowed with his affecting smile.





THIS fierce little man formed a plan
To gobble along with his fan,
What his ample digestion might rile.
With a nature pugnacious,
People said, "O my gracious!
To think of his amiable smile."



Miss Antoinette Marie.

MISS Antoinette Marie,
Of the fashions of Parie,
Over her fan at the Japanese man,

With her paper eyes—it is our surmise—

Looked in her innocent paper way;

Never considered what folks would say;

Glanced up at him and then glanced down

To the hem of her modish paper gown;

Smiled a coquettish paper smile,

Under her hat of the latest style,

Over her painted paper fan,

Into the eyes of the Japanese man.



THE little Japanese,
Of manner quite at ease,
At the lady fair of the paper hair,
With his almond eyes—it is our surmise—
Gazed in his bland, oriental way,
And of what folks thought or dolls
would say
He wasn't aware, or he didn't care,
Absorbed in the lady's paper snare;
All he would do was to humbly woo
That paper doll the whole day through;

Straight at Miss Antoinette Marie.

Smile and bow and gaze would he



Baby Pink.

Baby Pink lies so still,
Dainty Baby Pink;
Wears a flaring ruffled frill
To a little cap of lace,
Fluted round her waxen face;
Wears a tiny bang of hair,
Flaxen, silken, fair;
Has two little toofies through,
And a winsome dimple too;
Smiles a lovely smile,
Smiling all the while;
Pretty Baby Pink.



GOES to sleep from morn till night,
Little Baby Pink.
Goes to sleep from dark till light.
If upright she sits and wakes,
Out her poor life sawdust shakes;
On her stomach, if you press,
She will waken in distress;
Seems to have the colic then,
Till you lay her down again;
In her small pink gown and cap
Baby Dolly takes a nap.
Pretty Baby Pink.



Chief Zulu Lu.

CHIEF Zulu-lu,
From Ma-ta-ku,
Do you like to feel his gory eyes on you?
Looks as if he would appreciate a stew
Of a few
Anglo-Saxons, such as you; and others too,
Chief Zulu-lu.





CHIEF Zulu-lu, Of Ma-ta-ku,

Oh, the savage wild war dances he can shew, Oh, the tunes upon his tom-tom he can do, Entirely new,

When for a belle of Zulu he would sue, Chief Zulu-lu.



CHIEF Zulu-lu,
From Ma-ta-ku,
I wonder if some sailor men you slew
On the voyage from Zulu, as you came thru,
One or two,
Or if the total crew you did subdue,
Chief Zulu-lu.



Dollie's Promenade.

THE Dollies came marching, came marching,

All on a moonshine night,
All in the moon track bright,
Up to the top of Tip-Top town,
Merrily bowing and marching;

Two by two and four by four,
White and black and yellow and brown,
Bowing and marching, and marching some

more;

Two by two and one by one,
With a singular step in a singular way,
Mortals can't do it but dollies may,
Till the marching is done.



THE Dollies came prancing, came dancing, All on a Summer's night,
All in the moon's horned light,
Down from the top of Tip-Top town,
Airily skipping and dancing;
One by one and two by two,

'Tis far to go up but near to come down---Dancing till dancing is through;

Two by two and four by four,
A singular step to a singular time,
It may only be done to a singular rhyme,
Till the dancing is o'er.



LAUGHTER—sounds like breezes too;
Funny things the dollies do;
Little feet a-scamper, more
Like mice soft across the floor;
Dancing, marching, pantomime—
Who can catch the dollie's rhyme?



A Difference of Opinion. PART I.

I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll,
And wear a wooden head.
I'd rather be just Sarah, with
A cotton brain instead.

I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll,
And stay quite bald of hair,
Or put my hand up to my nose
And not find any there.

I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll,
And get no tarts or pie;
If one were planned without a mouth,
There'd be no use to try.



I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll;
'Twould be a sad surprise,
To go to see the show and find
I hadn't any eyes.

I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll,

How could a body say

If one were coming down the street,

Or faced the other way.

I wouldn't be a clothes-pin doll,
With no right or left hand.
I choose to be a rag doll 'cause,
I'd rather sit than stand.



A Difference of Opinion. PART II.

I'D like to be a clothes-pin doll,
Don't hurt to bump her head.
Somebody bit the mermaid's off;
'Twas very good they said.



I'd like to be a clothes-pin doll, For hair snarls up o'nights; She doesn't need a hanky, for Her nose she never wipes.

I'd like to be a clothes-pin doll,
I'd get no jelly cake,
But if one grew without a mouth,
There'd be no stomach ache.

I'D like to be a clothes-pin doll,
Because she never cries,
And isn't sorry when she's bad,
She hasn't any eyes.

I'd like to be a clothes-pin doll,
He'd meet a just disgrace,
Who sneaked because my back was turned,
When perhaps it was my face.

I'd like to be a clothes-pin doll,
She never sews a bit.
I shouldn't care to be a rag,
I'd rather stand than sit.



Sarah Jane.

SARAH Jane is just as tously
And as frowsly and as plain,
Her face was never washed but once,
Which happened in the rain;
And Sarah's no wise pretty—
But I love Sarah Jane.

Her fuzzy hair was measured off From Grandma's knitting skein, And then it got sewed in and out,



Top of her cotton brain; And Sarah's no wise clever— But I love Sarah Jane.

WHEN Sarah topples over
Her poise she can't regain;
To stand up in a nice toe line
She never could attain,
And Sarah's no wise graceful—
But I love Sarah Jane.

If some day I should miss her
From the shelf where she has lain,
No end of nursery seasons,
My heart it most would pain,
Of all the dolls from belle to cob,
To part with Sarah Jane.

Mrs. Corn Doll.

MRS. Corn Doll sings a song,
In her rustling way;
If you pause and listen long
You may chance to stray
Where the yellow corn field swings,
You may hear the long leaves shake,
And the cornstalks chorus wake,
As Mrs. Corn Doll sings.

Mrs. Corn Doll sings to me,
Once when she was young,
In her bending dignity,
The tall stalks among,
Hers were seven golden rings,
Hers a green silk gown bestrewn
With dew-diamonds from the moon;
So Mrs. Corn Doll sings.

MRS. Corn Doll sings tonight
How she used to bow
To her partners, left and right,
Slow and stately bow;
'Neath the light the pale moon flings,
'Neath the dim stars, cool and still,
In the cornstalks grand quadrille—
So Mrs. Corn Doll sings.



Mrs. Corn Doll seems to chant,
Chanting all alone,
In a mournful little plaint,
Of a summer flown,
Of the fallen, pale corn kings—
In her crackling dress of husk,
You may hear her just at dusk,
Mrs. Corn Doll sings.





